EVERY WEDNESDAY
No. 16 MAY 7, 1966

Lady PENELOPE

7D

CARS
...FAB 1 brings her ladyship home

TRAINS
...hilarious scenes from "The Great St. Trinian's Train Robbery"!

BIKES
...3 of these super Raleigh RSW 16 bicycles TO BE WON!

YOUR POST, M'LADY!

PRIZEWINNERS!

THERE'S good news this week for the seventy prizewinners in my "Dovecote" competition which appeared in issue 7 of LADY PENELOPE. Thank you all for helping me to choose a dovecote for my garden. The correct competition solution was D A B C and the judges took age, neatness and originality of sentence completion into consideration when selecting the winners from the entries which gave that selection.

The first ten winners, who each receive a gorgeous Paula Lee Mondrian dress, are: Gina Waller, Maidstone; Isobell Thomas, St. Leonards; B. Briers, St. Helens; Maureen Boast, Deptford; Annette Whitehead, Coventry; Kim Herring, East Keswick; Adrienne Wilkinson, Blackpool; Denise Watton, Wombourn; Linda Price, Manchester; Carolyn Owen, Anglesey.

See the foot of this page for the names of the 60 runner-up winners!

UP THE BRITISH

Some weeks ago a girl wrote that she was going to America, and was going to try and go to Hollywood to see David McCallum. If she did, she'd give him a kiss from everyone in "England." This isn't very fair. "Britain" is the country she should have said. After all, David McCallum was only *born* in Glasgow!

Jane MacDougall, Argyll.

COMPETITION?

I thought I'd tell you that at school all the girls in our class have got together with the teacher and made a new comic. We have called it *The School Times*. I have put an advertisement about your comic in it. This is what I have put: "LADY PENELOPE is the best comic in the whole world, and the stories are FAB."

Patricia Parkin, Bolsover.

Thank you very much, Patricia!

HOMEWORK

Books on the table, books on the floor,
Books on the window-sill, more and more,
English, maths and French translation,
And all the history of our nation.

It really ruins the evening for me.
I miss the best programmes on TV.
I would not mind this every night,
If I could only get my homework right!

Diane Wilson, Potters Bar.

It's a problem I know,
But I'd just like to say,
I hope it's done early
on Lady Penelope day!

CAT NAPPER

Every night I put my cat Crusoe out, and my parents let him in again later. While they are not looking he creeps up the stairs into my bedroom and suddenly jumps up on the bed. Then he creeps under the covers to the bottom of my bed where he stays all night, keeping my feet lovely and warm.

Heather Robinson, Merstham.

And what a time-saving hot water bottle, too—never has to be filled up or emptied or hung upside down to drain!

DOUBLE TROUBLE

My sister and I are twins and no one can tell us apart. But this often means that if my sister Irene gets into trouble, I get all the blame! We have tried wearing diffierent coloured clothes, but it still doesn't work. Have you any suggestions?

Irene and Celia Dodd, Eccles.

If any other twins read this and have the same trouble, perhaps they will write in with some suggestions, Irene and Celia.

FAB OFFICE

Last Sunday my brother and I got to work on the old room at the end of our daddy's office. We cleared out all the rubbish and burnt it, and converted it into our own little office. My brother gets TV 21 each week, and I get LADY PENELOPE, and we keep them in our office with all our other things. But could you give me a few hints on how to make the office better?

Regina Joyce, Crawley.

Why not decorate the walls with pin-ups from LADY PENELOPE (and those interesting diagrams of various spacecraft in TV 21 for your brother's section). Or if you don't want to cut up your copies, how about some gay holiday posters (perhaps you can get some from a travel agent's). Or maps—or try making a pin-up board, as instructed in last week's LADY PENELOPE.

CHARLIE GIRL

My budgie (a girl) called Charlie eats wallpaper. Of course, my poor dad has to keep on putting new wallpaper over the bits where Charlie has nibbled!

Linda Giles, Penge.

I bet your mother is glad Charlie doesn't like eating carpets!

WRITE TO: LADY PENELOPE, 167 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.(Comp.). If you'd like a postal reply, please enclose a ready stamped, self-addressed envelope.

What are all these sporrans, kilts and hairy legs doing? Hurrying to page 15 to read FAB Club, because this week's FAB has gone North of the Border!

CHUCKLE

While I was ill in bed recently, I tried to think up some jokes as something to do. So how about this one: "What's got a green trunk?" Answer: An unripe elephant! Mum brought me a LADY PENELOPE while I was ill, and because I liked it so much she said I can have it every week.

K. Lovatt, Stoke-on-Trent.

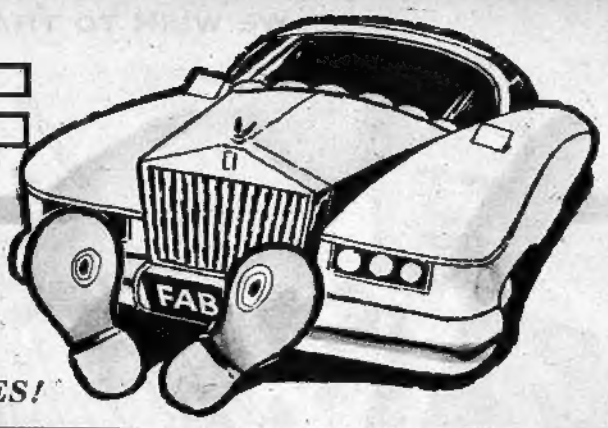
I'd never have guessed . . . about the unripe elephant, I mean!

60 RUNNERS-UP in "Dovecote" competition

A pair of Morley Swiss Miss Knee-hi's goes to each of these readers:

Karen Sewell, Birmingham; Allison Burns, Hammersmith; Fiona McKendrick, Newmarket; Debra Westmoreland, Derby; Jaqueline Butterworth, Burnley; Fiona Roberts, Scunthorpe; Linda Embleton, Co. Durham; Andrea Stanefield, Birmingham; Sharon Brawn, Wellingborough; Diana Griffiths, Cray; Brenda Finch, London; Lena Evans, Cheltenham; Sandra Burford, Liverpool; Sophia Rose, Bideford; Anne Spikings, Pudsey; Shelley Eastham, Romford; Lynda Mansfield, Oswestry; Denniea Smith, Hitchin; Anita Brown, Gt. Saughan; Jayne Peacock, Westcliff; Lindy Everley, Sidiesham; Clair McLean, Kilsyth; Linda Bellerby, Castleford; Diane Lee, London; Barbara Moyle, Glamorgan; Pat Johnston, Gloucester; Margaret Anders, St. Helens; Anne Beasley, Castle Bromwich; Catherine Liddle, Forfar; Carole Atkinson, Wigan; Anne McHale, Solihull; Denise Hammond, Portchester; Sheila Irvine, Lichfield; Gwen Stevens, Liverpool; Janette Woodley, London; Mary Ward, Fitzwilliam; Julia Watts, Bristol; Joyce Ivinson, Choppington; Susan Cartin, Liverpool; Janice Bradley, Stonehaven; N. Bramham, Sutton Coldfield; Dina Knight, Witcham Ely; Ruth Bernstein, London; Diane Thompson, Tamworth; Gillian Hurst, Cambridge; Jennifer Westall, Rickmansworth; Janet Hawkeswood, Birmingham; Charmian Jack, Hythe; Pat Saffrey, Brighton; Julia McCardey, London; Dinah Beaumont, St. Peters; Deborrah Best, St. Mawes; Josephine Mills, Woodbridge; Jean. Booth, Grimsby; Janet Williams, Middlesbrough; Jacky Gorman, Wallasey; Anne Hallows, Ilford; Linda Till, Wolverhampton; Pat Channing, Doncaster; Margaret MacMillan, Kilsyth.

PERILS OF PARKER



CLUMSY . . . ARTFUL . . . AND SAFE AS HOUSES!

I was thrilled to bits when Lil told me 'er little niece was comin' to stay for a week. Mind you, I'd never met 'er before...

AND THIS IS MR. PARKER, MADELINE. SAY 'ELLO TO THE NICE GENTLEMEN.

HOW DO YOU DO, MR. PARKER!

NOW THAT WASN'T VERY LADY-LIKE, WAS IT, MADELINE?

I WAS ONLY PRACTISING MY JUDO, AUNTIE LIL.

PSST, LIL, WHERE'S DEAR LITTLE MADELINE?

PLAYING IN THE PANTRY... SO DON'T YOU START TORMENTING HER!

HELLO, MR. PARKIES... HAVE YOU COME TO PLAY?

WELL, NO — NOT EXACTLY... I JUST THOUGHT I'D CHECK THAT YOU WERE ENJOYING YOURSELF!

But the next thing I knew...

WHAT SHALL WE PLAY, MR. PARKIES?

ANYTHING, OUCH, YOU SAY, OUCH, ANYTHING!

BUT I WAS ONLY PRACTISING MY WRESTLING, MR. PARKIES!

WELL, JUST WATCH WHO YOU'RE PRACTISIN' ON...

YOU GREAT BIG BULLY! PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE!

BUT, LIL, THAT CHILD'S A MENACE TO SOCIETY...

'ELLO, 'ERE'S AN IDEA!

THE STORY OF HOUDINI

LINDOING THIS LOT SHOULD KEEP THE LITTLE MUSCLE-BOUND INFANT HAPPY!

So I got Lil to call 'er in from the garden...

'ERE, MADELINE... PARKER WANTS YER... HE'S IN THE BUTLER'S PANTRY!

Five minutes later...

WHAT ON EARTH ARE THOSE TWO DOING IN THERE?

CRASH BOING

OOH, PARKER... 'ANG ON WHILE I GET PERCE TO HEAVE YOU DOWN!

NO THANKS, LIL. I THINK I'LL JUST STAY UP 'ERE OUT OF THE WAY, TILL MADELINE GOES 'OME!

WE WISH TO THANK THE UNITED NETWORK COMMAND FOR LAW AND ENFORCEMENT

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.

Klemper, leader of Thrush Central, has paid Professor Hauffman a million dollars for the Doomsday Bomb. He arrives at the bomb bunker with his escort and hostage, Liza Hauffman, and finds Napoleon Solo and Rowena Brown unconscious in the boot of his car . . .

TAKE THEM INTO THE BUNKER. I WANT MR. SOLO TO SEE THE BOMB THAT WILL CONTROL THE WORLD!

BUT FROM A VANTAGE POINT, ILLYA OBSERVES THE SCENE...

STAY HERE QUIETLY, BOY – I'M GOING TO CIRCLE ABOVE THEM.

MOVING QUICKLY AND QUIETLY, ILLYA WORKS HIMSELF INTO POSITION. THEN...

ILLYA CATCHES THE GUARDS BY SURPRISE, BUT THE SCREECH OF TORTURED TYRES MAKES HIM LOOK UP...

I WONDER IF THIS IS MORE TROUBLE?

THE CARS ARE FULL OF U.N.C.L.E. AGENTS...

MR. WAVERLY! BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN NEW YORK!

I'M WHERE I'M NEEDED, MR. KURYAKIN.

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BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE TO COME ?

NOT NOW, MR. KURYAKIN - LET'S GET WHAT WE CAME FOR, THRUSH CENTRAL LEADER OTTO KLEMPER!

INSIDE THE CAVERN...

WITH THIS BOMB, THRUSH WILL RULE THE WORLD.

I'M AFRAID NOT, OTTO - ALL THAT EXPENSIVE LOOKING EQUIPMENT HAS BEEN FAKED BY UNCLE AGENTS!

KLEMPER WHIRLS ROUND - TOO LATE...

ACCEPT YOUR POSITION GRACEFULLY, OTTO - YOU'VE BEEN CAUGHT IN THE OPEN BY A CLEVER UNCLE PLOT!

I SEE, ILLYA AND I HAVE BEEN USED TO FOOL KLEMPER.

THAT'S CORRECT... AN UNCLE AGENT IMPERSONATED PROFESSOR HAUFFMAN.

SO UNCLE AGENT LIZA AND ANOTHER AGENT FAKED A BANK RAID, LEAVING BEHIND FALSE PRINTS OF PROFESSOR HAUFFMAN.

AND TO REALLY CONVINCE KLEMPER THAT HAUFFMAN WAS ALIVE NAPOLEON AND MYSELF WERE SENT HERE TO LOOK FOR HAUFFMAN!

WE WANTED KLEMPER AND THE ONLY WAY TO GET HIM IN THE OPEN WAS TO MAKE HIM BELIEVE THAT PROFESSOR HAUFFMAN WAS ALIVE AND THE DOOMSDAY BOMB EXISTED!

YOU MEAN I'VE BEEN THROUGH ALL THIS JUST SO YOU COULD CATCH THIS KLEMPER MAN ?

I'M AFRAID SO, MISS BROWN...

BUT IT WAS ALL IN A GOOD CAUSE.

AND AT LEAST YOU MET ME! PERHAPS WE COULD CONTINUE YOUR HOLIDAY!

THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA, NAPOLEON - SHALL WE GO ?

AND SO...

ONLY ANOTHER TWELVE MILES, NAPOLEON.

NEXT TIME I HELP SOMEONE FINISH THEIR HOLIDAY, I'LL MAKE SURE THEY'RE ON A YACHT!

NEXT WEEK: "Meanwhile back at the ranch..." new U.N.C.L.E. assignment!

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT...

HOLST SCHUSSKNOPF was quite sure he looked the part of a terrifying ghost. His friend Klaus Von Scharntraus had told him so. That was why he felt nicely confident as he stepped out on to the mouldering old landing in his white sheet with the roughly-cut eyeholes, his arms stretched before him in typical 'ghostly' manner.

He could see Ginny, Derek and Sue in front of him, delighted with the ancient house and its mysterious atmosphere. "Ach, they are enjoying themselves," he said under his breath. "But in just one second, they will see me . . . and then . . . Pfui! Terrified, they will run from the house mit fear in their eyes!"

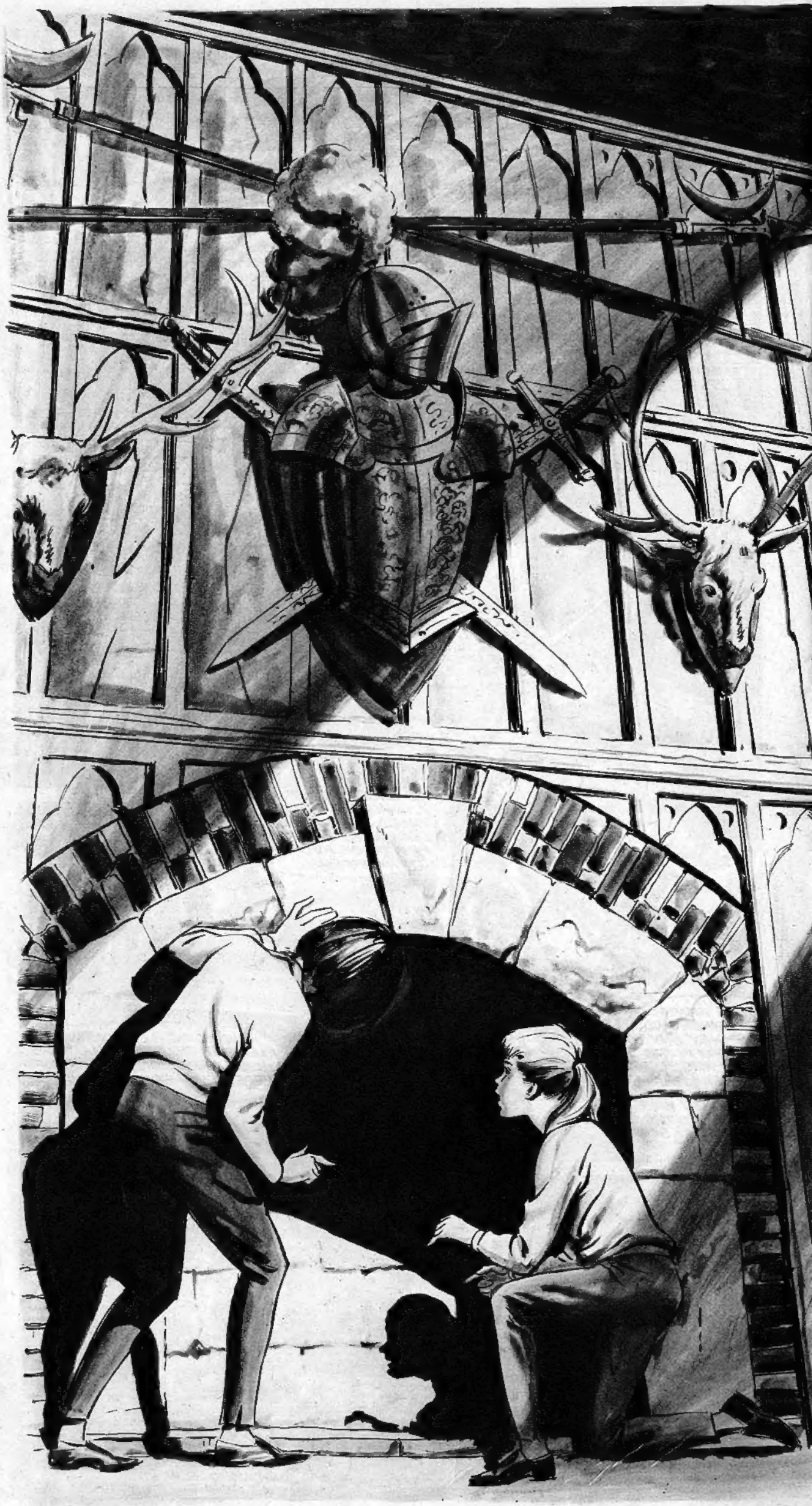
It was such a pity for Holst that he didn't see the weakened, worm-eaten board beneath his feet. He didn't have a chance as the wood gave and he shot from view into the dark recesses beneath the landing!

Ginny and the others whirled round seeing nothing. They ran to the gaping hole in the floor and looked down.

"Golly!" It was Derek who shouted. "It's a skeleton!"

There below, they could see into what had once been the pantry of a tweenstairs maid, and their three pairs of eyes rounded on an unmistakable heap of bones draped in a sheet.

The sunlight was streaming through the windows they'd unshuttered behind them, and somehow, the effect wasn't as frightening as it might



Here is part 3 of the "ghost" story from Lady Penelope's top secret file, number 9473 GO . . .

Ginny Morris and her two cousins Derek and Sue have stumbled on a mysterious old house, while on a moorland hiking holiday. The house is the secret base of two foreign agents who do all they can to try and frighten the three away. Unfortunately for them Ginny and her cousins do not scare easily . . . and in any case the agents are not at all skilful at playing ghosts . . .

have been. There were no creakings, or sighings, or dark shadows flickering.

Ginny said, practical as ever: "The boards on the landing are rotten. They must have caved in. We'll have to be careful if we're going to do any exploring."

"Do you think the skeleton's a man who was guarding hidden treasure?" said Derek. "Perhaps his bones are over a trapdoor that leads to a chestful of doubloons and pieces of eight!"

"We aren't sailing the seven seas, you chump," scoffed Sue. "If you had half an eye, you'd see that the bones are all joined together with wire. Either someone's had it as a showpiece, or else a medical student once lived here! Remember your cousin John's skeleton when he was at college?"

THE effect of the bones had been very different on Holst Schussknopf.

As soon as he fell amongst them, he'd left the sheet faster than a jet of wind, tearing through the door of the pantry, down the hall, and through to the back of the house. Even the poker-faced Klaus had been startled as his colleague shot through the secret panel that led to the rooms behind the walls.

"Was ist los? Calm down, you fool!" Klaus took Holst by the shoulders and shook him until his teeth rattled. "You were supposed to scare the hikers . . . not the other way round!"

"It—it w-wasn't the hikers, Klaus! Himmel! This place is h-haunted!"

Klaus was patient. "Of course it's haunted! I suppose you saw yourself in a mirror! *We* are haunting it, remember? Now listen, you imbecile! We are here to intercept messenger pigeons from our spies at the research base! We will be taking information from the capsules on the legs of the pigeons, yes? Then we *must* get rid of those hikers! How would it be if they got a smell of what was going on, huh?"

"Our leaders would be most displeased," agreed Holst, cautiously. "You are right, Klaus. I must get a grip on myself."

The two agents walked down one of the passages that led behind the panels of the old house. Now Klaus paused behind two holes in the brickwork, holes that looked out through the eyes of a painting up in the gallery over the main hall.

"There are their bedrolls," he said. "They seem to find plenty to interest them in this place, and they will almost certainly spend the night down there. You see that suit of armour by the foot of the stairs? I watched them examine it earlier, and to them, it is just a heap of tin. You will go now, and conceal yourself within that armour. When night falls, you will walk. Understand?"

"Yes, yes, of course! That will frighten them very much!" Holst chuckled to himself and rubbed his hands. "Come—help me put it on before they come down again!"

Holst and Klaus slipped out of a concealed doorway and into the hall . . .

"YOU can stand under the mantelpiece and look right up the chimney!" said Derek.

The three of them were in a room in one wing of the old house, empty save for dust and cobwebs. "Don't shout up it," said Sue. "There might be some ghostly chimney sweep up on the roof ready to drop down one of those weighted balls with a brush on the end of it." She turned a bit smugly to Ginny. "We learned all about Victorian chimney sweeps at school before we broke up," she said. "That's how they knew which one to sweep when they were on a roof full of stacks."

"This is a jolly sight older than Victorian," boomed Derek, his head out of sight. "There are iron bits driven into the bricks for a sweep's boy to climb up with a handbrush."

Next second, he'd gone. "Come down, you nit!" shouted Sue, but she couldn't see him in the flue, because his body, wherever it was, blocked out all the light.

By the time Ginny had pushed Sue out of the way to get a look, Derek had vanished altogether, and they could hear his voice only faintly, coming back to them amidst a fine dust of soot particles.

"There's a whole system of flues up here," he said. "There must be a sort of main network for the whole of the house!"

Derek's voice drifted about and came out through every single fireplace. It even came out in the hall and startled the wits out of Holst, who was already decidedly uncomfortable in the rusting suit of armour.

"Stop moving, you stupid fool!" barked Klaus. "Every time you twitch, I have to blow the rust from around your feet. Besides, you make an infernal noise!"

Klaus closed the visor on his friend's nervous face and backed away to the wall, to vanish once more through the panel and take up his usual watch over the radio equipment that linked him with his headquarters in Europe.

IN another old house, but far away to the South, Lady Penelope Creighton-Ward rang for her butler, Parker.

"Make sure the Rolls-Royce is ready to take us up to Yorkshire," she said, as his dignified face appeared between the double doors of the drawing room.

"I've had news that the two agents we are after are in hiding somewhere on the moors," she added. "We know that information is being ferried out in some manner to them from the research station there. It's up to us to take a closer look."

"Very good, M'Lady," said Parker, and retired to look after the needs of FAB 1.

Within half-an-hour, the pink Rolls-Royce was on the main motorway to the North-East, and eating the miles up fast. Long before the evening shadows were falling, the car was on the wild, lonely side road that led past the rambling, derelict house.

Lady Penelope didn't spare the place a glance. "Only another five miles to the research station, Parker," she said. "Let's try and get there before the light fails, shall we?"

AS night fell in the old house, Ginny lit a fire of gathered sticks in the hall grate. Somehow, they'd coaxed Derek out of the flues, and now he was decidedly happy with bacon and beans and a mug of coffee off the primus. Sue was already in her sleeping bag, her mind full of the swashbuckling cavaliers who might once have strutted in this very hallway, their swords clattering behind them.

Not like the sword of poor Holst, who took good care it didn't clatter . . . not even shiver. His right leg had pins and needles, his left had cramp, and his eyes, behind the visor, ached to close. But they couldn't. If they did, he might lose his balance and fall over . . . and what would Klaus say?

He tried to think of better days . . . of strolling down a Vienna street, happy in the sunlight . . . but every time the lovely picture formed, he'd look out of the slats in the heavy helmet, and see those confounded visitors sitting around sipping their coffee and talking.

Talking! Suddenly, he got the drift of what they were saying, and his heart leapt!

"I've had enough of this old house," said Ginny. "After all, we're on a hiking holiday, and the moor's much more fun. I vote we move on first thing in the morning."

"So do I," said Derek. "We said we'd camp on Caesar's Wall by High Fells, and I want to dig about for Roman remains."

"Tin cans and crisp bags, that's all you'll find there," said Sue. "*And* you'll be lucky if they're buried!"

"Talking of tin cans," said Derek, leaping out of his bedroll, "How about that heap! I've half a mind to take it with us!" He picked up an ancient poker from the fire-grate and rushed across to the suit of armour, right hand thrust out like a fencer.

The poker entered the suit between breast-plate and thigh as skilfully as any thrust of a Galahad or Lancelot. Pure chance, yes, but it caught Holst squarely in the bit where you usually get a stitch, and it hurt like mad!

"Yowoooo!" said the suit of armour, and the metal arms clanged wildly as they flailed the air!

Derek staggered back, amazed, and Ginny and Sue stood stock still like statues. But Holst took five paces forward, three back, crashed against the banisters and fell to the floor, so that every piece of armour came away and fell from his body in a jumble of old iron.

For a moment he sprawled there, his lips working and his eyes goggling, and then he scrambled to his feet and charged off up the stairs with Derek and the girls after him in full cry . . . the hounds on the tail of the hare!

TO BE CONTINUED

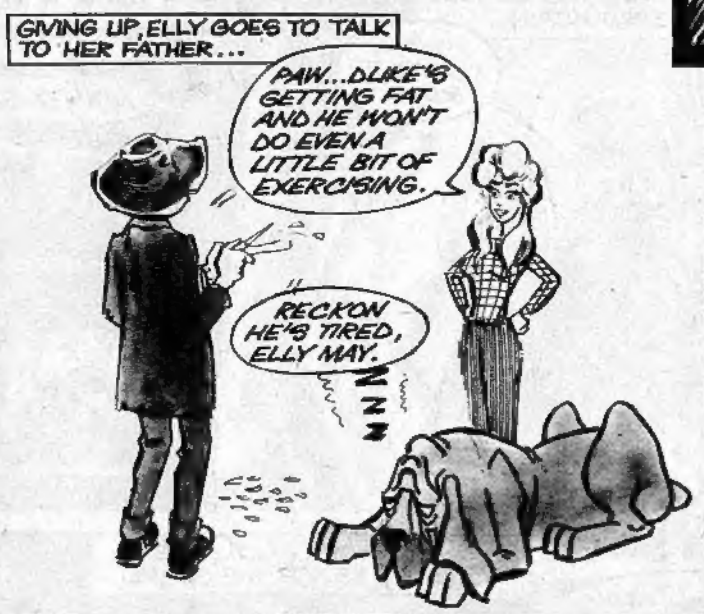
ILLYA IN OILS!

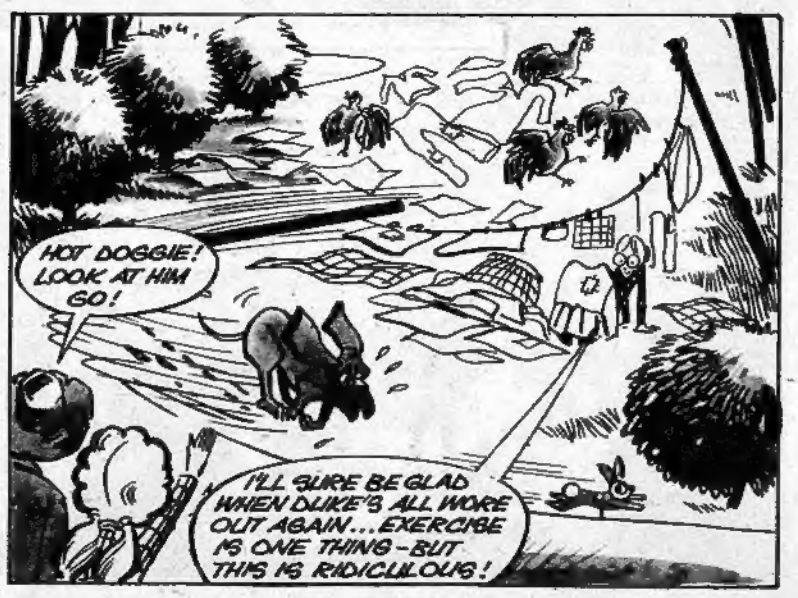
THIS marvellous portrait in oils of David McCallum in his role as Illya Kuryakin is the one which Lynda Barlow of Liverpool won in the recent "Illya" competition. For all the unlucky readers who didn't win this fabulous portrait, here is a special pin-up reproduction as compensation.

EXCLUSIVE TO LADY PENELOPE!

OIL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR OIL . . . THOSE HILARIOUS HILLBILLIES HAVE STRUCK IT RICH!

The Beverly Hillbillies





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Lady PENELOPE

Lady Penelope discovers that Fraulein Zadain's mountain-top school is really a school for spies. With her friend, Susan Cliveden, her ladyship plants explosive cigarettes in the school's factory deep in the mountain. They are suddenly confronted by guards . . .

OH, DEAR... WE ARE IN TROUBLE, AREN'T WE!

MOVE! WE WILL GO TO FRAULEIN ZADAIN. SHE KNOWS WHAT TO DO WITH SPIES!

MEANWHILE, BRENDA SIMMONS, A STUDENT AT THE SCHOOL, IS TRYING TO CONVINCE THE OTHER GIRLS THAT THEY HAVE UNWITTINGLY BECOME ENEMY AGENTS...

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT, BRENDA... YOU SAY THAT THE WOMEN'S RIGHTS ORGANISATION IS A FRONT FOR INDUSTRIAL SPIES?

YES... I'VE SEEN THE FACTORY... IT'S HERE – ALONG THE CORRIDOR. BEREZNIK MEN ARE WORKING AT FULL PRODUCTION.

NOW YOU CAN STAY HERE IF YOU LIKE, BUT EXPLOSIVES HAVE BEEN SET... THIS WHOLE MOUNTAIN COULD EXPLODE AT ANY MINUTE!

HURRY... MAKE FOR THE SKI CHALET BEFORE THE GUARDS COME... FRAULEIN ZADAIN MUST HAVE HEARD US OVER THE MICROPHONES.

LADY PENELOPE AND SUSAN ARE USHERED TOWARDS THE SCHOOL SECTION OF THE MOUNTAIN...

WHEN I SHOUT – RUN!

AS THEY PASS THE CELL DOOR, PENNY'S FOOT KICKS IT BACK...

NOW, SUSAN!

FRANK LANGFORD

THEY REACH THE SCHOOL CORRIDOR TO THE CLANGING TUNE OF ALARM BELLS...

IT'S PENNY WARD!

STOP OR YOU'RE BOTH DEAD!

WE MUST GET TO THE SKI CHALET.

HER LADYSHIP WITHDRAWS A LIPSTICK FROM HER HANDBAG AND WAITS FOR THE GUARDS TO GET CLOSER...

I DON'T THINK YOU'LL BE MAKING UP YOUR FACE MANY MORE TIMES AFTER FRAULEIN ZADAIN HAS FINISHED WITH YOU!

THEN PENNY REMOVES THE CAP...

RIGHT, SUSAN... NOW I THINK IT'S TIME WE LEFT. IT'S A LOVELY NIGHT FOR SKIING!

TAKING THE ELEVATOR, THE TWO GIRLS REACH THE CHALET...

ALL THE STUDENTS ARE HERE, PENNY.

GOOD. SUSAN AND I WILL BE WITH YOU IN A MOMENT.

HER LADYSHIP AND SUSAN ARE SOON LEADING THE CHARGE DOWN THE MOUNTAIN...

THE GIRLS ARE NEARLY AT THE END OF THE SKI RUN WHEN...

AN AVALANCHE CASCADES AFTER THE GIRLS...

THE FOOTHILLS WILL STOP THE SNOWFALL REACHING US. FRAULEIN ZADAIN WILL NOT RECRUIT INDUSTRIAL SPIES AGAIN.

A FIREFLASH AIRLINER TOUCHES DOWN AT LONDON AIRPORT...

AH, PARKER. YOU RECEIVED MY MESSAGE FROM THE MOUNTAINS...

YES, M'LADY. DID YOU 'AVE A GOOD TIME?

MOST ENJOYABLE, PARKER... THE SKIING WAS WONDERFUL. NOW I THINK WE'LL TAKE MISS CLIVEDEN BACK TO HER MOTHER.

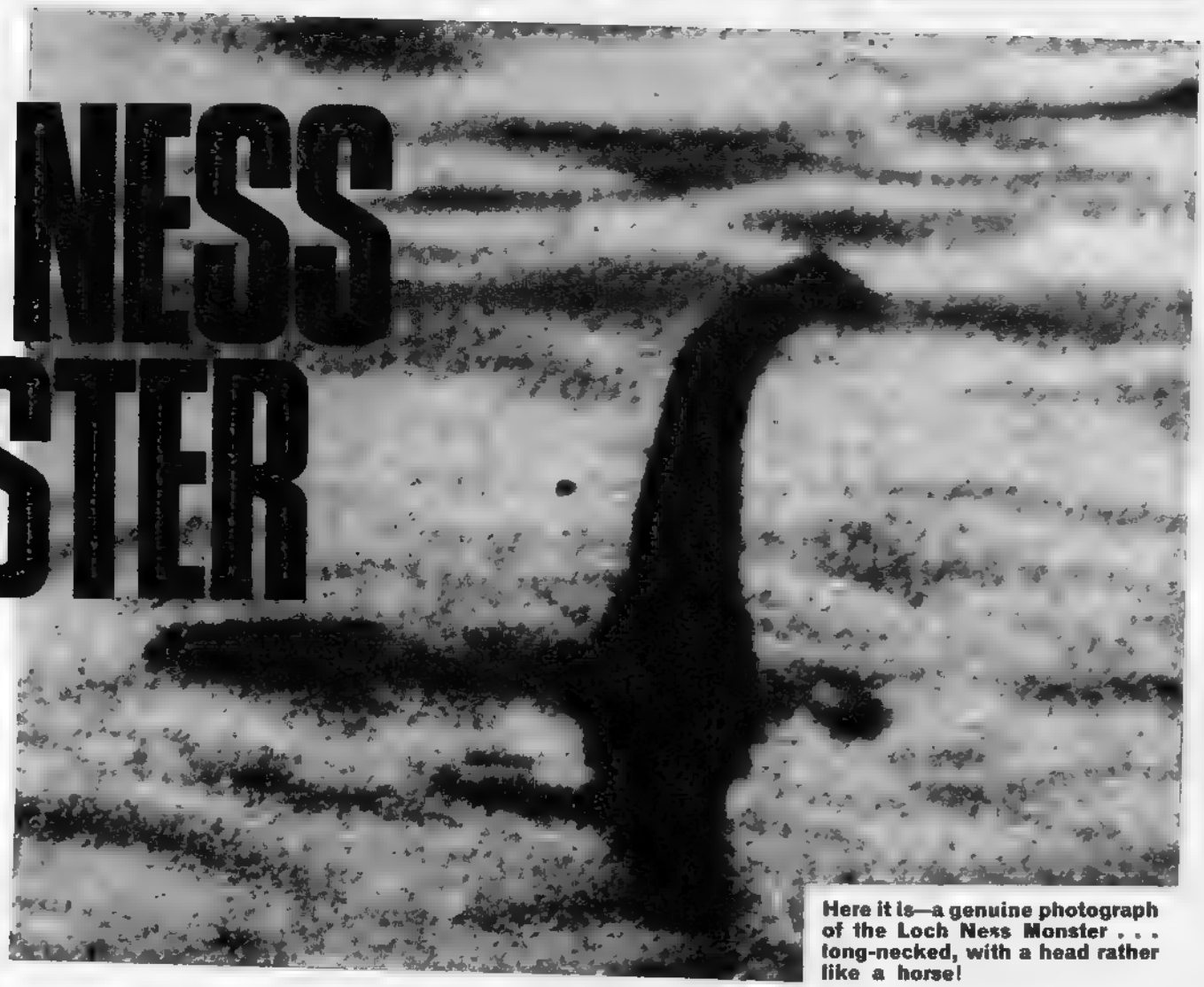
AT MRS. CLIVEDEN'S HOUSE...

HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU, PENELOPE?

VERY EASILY... DON'T LET YOUR DAUGHTER JOIN EQUAL RIGHTS FOR WOMEN ORGANISATIONS. WE GIRLS SHOULD BE DOMINATED SOME OF THE TIME BY THE MEN. THEY FEEL MORE IMPORTANT THAT WAY!

NEXT WEEK: A series of daring robberies means a new assignment for Lady Penelope!

The LOCH NESS MONSTER



Here it is—a genuine photograph of the Loch Ness Monster . . . long-necked, with a head rather like a horse!

THOUGH I appreciated Parker's enthusiasm, my train of thought was a little disturbed by his loud rendition of "On the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond." In fact we were in the middle of Loch Ness and her banks, in the drizzle, looked far from bonny. I was trying to study my file on Nessie, the Loch Ness monster.

First spotted in 1871. A certain Roderick Matheson described her as a "great creature, a fish like an eel with a mane like a horse." The Bertram Mills circus offered £20,000 to anyone who could catch Nessie alive. The Bureau for Investigating the Loch Ness Phenomena Ltd. has spent over £1,000 already researching into Nessie. Peter Scott, the TV bird expert and painter, is one of the naturalists in the firm, and he and a hundred other enthusiasts will be keeping a 24 hour watch over the loch this summer.

My interest deepened. Parker was at the helm of my boat awaiting instructions. The truth about the Loch Ness Monster was about to be revealed!

Parker, as planned, produced a small bag from the pocket of his waterproof cycling cape. He then sprinkled a quarter of a pound of chocolate drops on the water.

Just as we were suspecting that the monster was not to be tempted, Parker pointed with a trembling finger to a large blob in the middle of the lake.

The blob got nearer and nearer, and pulled up alongside my boat. It had a red beard and was wearing a home-made roll necked sweater.

"Oo'er," said Parker. "You keep it talking, while I get me camera."

The blob cupped two weird hand-shaped flippers to its mouth and shouted up to me.

"What d'ye think yer doing . . . trespassin' on the Lochhh?" I was startled. Was this the face that launched a thousand nervous breakdowns?

Jameison MaClean assured me that he was not the monster. Nevertheless he was more than willing to pose for photographs. "Lil'll die of fright when she sees these," whispered Parker.

Our new companion was a professional monster adviser. "There's only one way to get Nessie to the surface," he said.

For a small fee, Jamieson produced a glossy pin-up photograph of Herman Munster, which he attached to a fishing line and dangled overboard.

Soon we heard a far off rumbling, and Nessie raised her head, or so I was told. I didn't actually manage to see the monster because by the time I had finished bringing Parker round from his faint the monster had disappeared again.

But wait . . . someone else reckons that this is what the Monster really looks like. Wonder who's right?

THUNDERBIRDS 3D PAINTING SET

PRICE 14'11D

ON SALE IN THE SHOPS NOW!
FIRST TIME IN ENGLAND
3D. PAINTING SETS FROM THUNDERBIRDS!

ACTUAL SIZE
12½" DEEP 16½ WIDE

LADY PENELOPE TEA SET

ON SALE IN THE SHOPS NOW!

Lovely Lady Penelope tea set in 'Penelope pink'. This is a REAL 29 piece tea set which includes an authentic Georgian tea pot, sugar bowl and milk jug, each with its own Lady Penelope monogram. Beautifully laid-out in a colourful window-display box.

PRICE 15'11D

ACTUAL SIZE
17" wide by 11" deep

J. ROSENTHAL (TOYS) LTD. LONDON COLISEUM ST. MARTINS LANE LONDON W.C.2

GIRLS WITH GO—GO FOR

trend

THE NEW WEEKLY MAGAZINE THAT'S WAY AHEAD

What's with-it in fashion? Trend knows. What's startling in hair styles? Trend shows. Way-ahead beauty, entertainment, holidays? Trend has all the answers. Because Trend is always that important jump ahead with all the news that trendsetting girls are looking for.

OUT NOW 9D

FOUR PIONEERS SET OUT TO EXPLORE THE UNKNOWN... AND ARE NOW LOST IN SPACE!

Space Family Robinson

In two spacemobiles, the Robinsons enter the atmosphere of an unknown planet. They are looking for deposits of solarium mineral to replace the ruined batteries of their space station, now on collision course with a nearby sun.....

WOW! JUST LOOK AT THIS METEOR SHOWER!

KEEP YOUR COURSE STEADY, TIM... THEY'LL SOON PASS.

I'M NOT SORRY TO BE THROUGH THAT, DAD.

NEITHER AM I, TIM.

CRAIG DECIDES TO DO AN EXPLORATORY ORBIT OF THE PLANET...

WE'D BETTER SPLIT UP, TIM. THE SOLARIUM IS PROBABLY IN THE MOUNTAIN AREAS.

OKAY, DAD... MY MINERAL REGISTER HAS BEEN COMPLETELY NEGATIVE SO FAR.

CRAIG MANOEUVRES THE SPACEMOBILE INTO LONG SWEEPING RUNS OVER THE MOUNTAIN REGIONS...

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, DAD? IT'S BEEN OVER AN HOUR AND STILL NOT A FLICKER ON THE MINERAL REGISTER.

YET THE SPACE STATION COMPUTER INDICATED THERE WAS SOLARIUM HERE.

WHAT ABOUT THE OCEAN NORTH OF HERE, DAD? IT'S WORTH A TRY.

YOU'RE RIGHT, TAM - I'LL RADIO TIM TO FOLLOW.

FLYING AT LOW LEVEL, THE TWO EARTH CRAFT JOIN UP OVER THE PURPLE WATERS OF THE OCEAN...

SOON THE FIRST ISLANDS ARE APPROACHED...

I'M GETTING A SOLARIUM READING!

ME, TOO, TIM!

LANDING ON THE LARGEST ISLAND, THE ROBINSONS TRACE A LARGE SOLARIUM DEPOSIT IN A CAVE...

ALMOST PURE SOLARIUM, AND A FAIRLY LARGE DEPOSIT.

DAD! ANOTHER METEORITE SHOWER AND IT'S FALLING ON THE SPACEMOBILES!

THE SPACEMOBILES TAKE OFF, BUT...

MUM AND TIM! THEY'VE BEEN HIT!

THE SOONER WE GET OFF THIS PLANET THE BETTER.

THE UNCONTROLLED CRAFT PIROUETTES TOWARDS THE OCEAN. SUDDENLY...

JB

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FAB CLUB GOES NORTH OF THE BORDER!

BAGPIPE NOTES

. . . the wood comes from West Africa; the ivory is imported from the Congo; the reeds are Spanish . . . and the bag is made of English sheepskin! In fact, the bagpipes are a universal musical instrument played in India, Greece and Bulgaria.

THIS week, FAB Club is in kilts, Lil's making haggis, and the most extraordinary noises are coming from Parker's room (bag-pipe practice, he calls it!). But you see, we thought it would be a great idea to have a really close look at all our many Scottish FAB Agents. So hope they—and everyone else—like the results!

FAB FOOD DEPT

Scotch eggs

YOU need: as many eggs as you like, sausage meat (about 2 oz. for each egg), fine breadcrumbs, a little flour and some fat for frying.

First of all, hard-boil the eggs, then peel. Dust the eggs in flour and coat with the sausage meat. Brush with beaten egg, roll in the breadcrumbs and fry in the fat for about ten minutes.

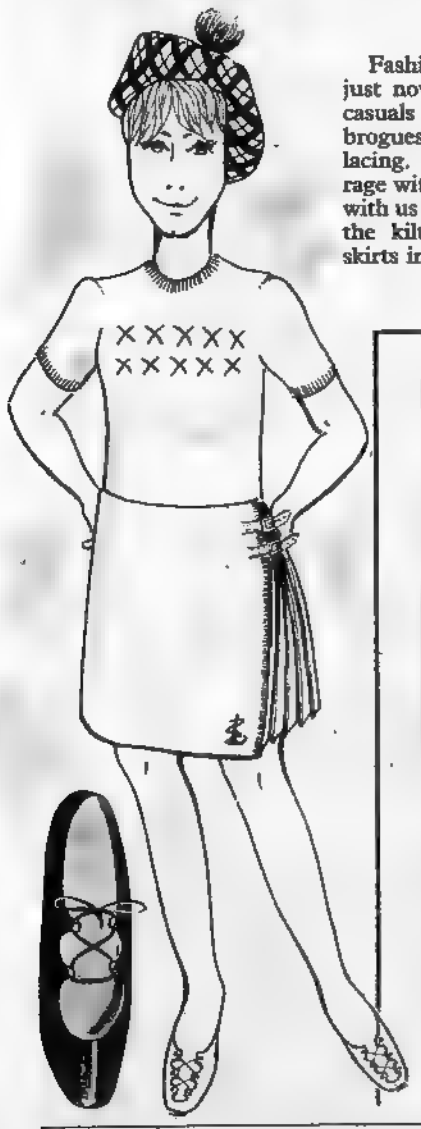
GREAT SCOTS!

Right, romantic David McCallum, Scots-born star of TV's Man from U.N.C.L.E. Below, another famous Scotsman—Sean Connery, gorgeous hero of the James Bond films.

HOOTS!

There was a young man from Dumfries,
Afflicted with knobbly knees.
He cried: "I'm not built
For wearing a kilt,
And besides I'll catch cold
from the breeze!"

SCOTTISH FASHION NOTES



Fashion with a Scottish flavour is really IN just now. Try the "Highland" look for shoes—casuals with big silvery buckles, fringe-tongue brogues or "Ghillie" shoes with dainty criss-cross lacing. Tammies with big pom-poms are all the rage with Paris model girls. Knee-socks have been with us for ages and now fashion is even borrowing the kilt. Trend-setters are going for kilt-style skirts in white or oatmeal tweed.

KILTS

. . . it takes seven yards of tartan cloth to make the traditional kilt!
. . . the correct method of measuring your kilt length is to . . . get down on your knees! The hem should stop just short of the ground.

The Scots gave us...

...the steam engine; the telephone; raincoats; whisky; television; penicillin; James Bond; tarmac.

Visiting Scotland? Then you mustn't miss...

. . . Edinburgh's Camera Obscura. A fiendishly clever contraption which gives you a marvellous view of the city. It is in the seventeenth century domed 'Outlook Turret' in Castle Hill. Look down from the gallery on to a glass screen, and special lenses bring you views of Edinburgh so clear and close up, you can almost eavesdrop on people. Careful though—other people can spy on you, too!

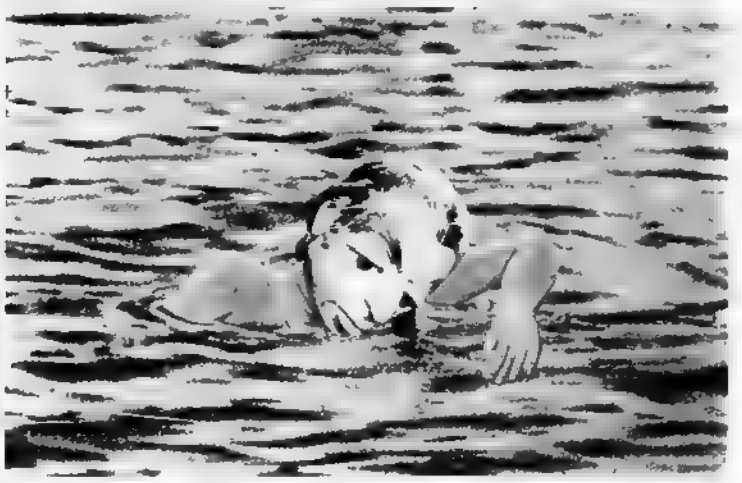
. . . picking some lucky white heather!

. . . Scottish home-baked cakes, scones, pastries . . . mmmm!

. . . listening for the gun salute from the 'Half Moon Battery' on Edinburgh Castle at 1 p.m. every day except Sunday.

. . . a trip 'Doon the Water'. Boats leave Glasgow Dock daily for the Firth of Clyde—call in at all the local resorts . . . and get you back in time for supper!

Look—the TRUTH about the Loch Ness Monster..!



Shiona Tasker, Fife. *Morag Tasker, Fife.* *Linda Paterson, Glasgow* *Shona Ross, Kingswells.*

SCOTTISH FAB FACES

Audrey Brooks, Netherburn. *Janette Morrison, Bellshill.* *Angela Brooks, Netherburn.* *Rosalind Davidson, Alford.* *Helen Henderson, Wishaw.* *Alexis Beattie, Kilburnie.* *Lorraine Drysdale, Haddington.*

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THE GREAT St. Trinian's TRAIN ROBBERY

LEAVING a notorious trail of arson behind them, the St. Trinian's schoolgirls are always on the move. But their Headmistress, Amber Spottiswood (Dora Bryan) manages to get a government grant from the Minister of Schools to buy Hamingwell Grange. She does not realise that the great train robbers have been there before her and hidden the £2½ million proceeds beneath the ballroom stage.

The front man for the "Brain" behind the train robbery is Alphonse—a Gentlemen's Hair Stylist from Chiswick (Frankie Howerd). When term starts, he collects the other robbers and enters Hamingwell Grange to retrieve their money. Mistaken for common burglars, they are beaten back by a tough bunch of sixth formers.

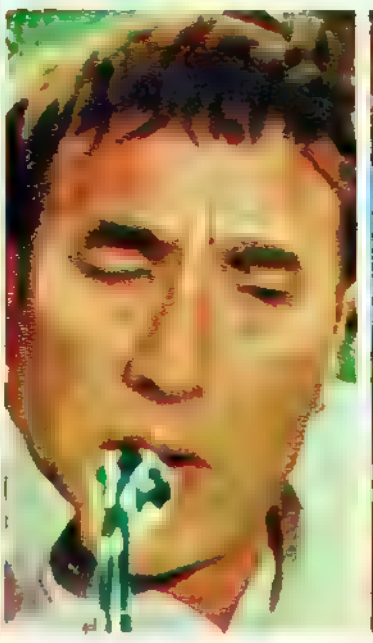
Alphonse is next ordered to enter his two daughters as pupils at St. Trinian's.

Lavinia and Marcia discover that St. Trinian's is to hold a Parents' Open Day. Hastily undercutting the lowest catering bid, Alphonse rounds up the other robbers to act as waiters on the day.

But a fat fourth former on the lookout for food has accidentally stumbled on the loot. She pays cash for a horse-racing bet and the suspicions of the school bookie, Flash Harry (George Cole), are aroused.

Parents' Day at St. Trinian's brings matters to a head. The robbers retrieve their money, steal a train and escape along the tracks.

But the day finally is won by the unbeatable girls of St. Trinian's. They steal the money from the escaping robbers and when caught themselves, claim the reward.



Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat present

THE GREAT ST. TRINIAN'S TRAIN ROBBERY

starring: **Frankie Howerd and Dora Bryan**

co-starring: **George Cole, Reg Varney, Raymond Huntley and Richard Wattis**

Guest Stars: **Portland Mason, Terry Scott, Eric Barker and Godfrey Winn**

This is a BRITISH LION film in Eastman Colour

3 RALEIGH BICYCLES TO BE WON

Girl or boy—or six-foot adult!—can ride this Raleigh RSW16 bicycle. The handlebars and saddle adjust in seconds, with no need to use any tools. Other star features: roomy, easily removable carrier-bag hold-all; three speed gear controlled by a grip on the handlebar; built-in dyna-hub lighting system; entirely new type brakes; built-in prop stand; and balloon tyres, 2 inches wide, giving the smooth effect of riding in a limousine!

HOW TO ENTER

On the right is a scene from "The Great St. Trinian's Train Robbery" when all the schoolgirls are getting ready to cycle after the train robbers on their Raleigh bicycles. How many bicycles would you say there are in the picture? Count them up carefully—don't miss any out.

Then write your total on the entry coupon below, print your full name, age and address clearly, and complete the sentence "If I found the rest of the Train Robbers' money, I would . . ." in not more than ten words.

Post your entry to: Lady Penelope, Raleigh Competition, 317, High Holborn, London, W.C.99. CLOSING DATE: Tuesday, 10th May, 1966.

No correspondence can be entered into. DO NOT ENCLOSE ANY OTHER CORRESPONDENCE, QUERIES or PHOTOGRAPHS WITH YOUR ENTRY COUPON. ENTRIES WHICH DO SO WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.

RULES:

All entries will be examined. The judges will take age, neatness and originality of sentence completion into consideration when choosing the three winning entries, and the Editor's decision is final and legally binding.

Winners will be notified by post. Their names will be printed in LADY PENELOPE as soon as possible.

The rules for this competition are the same as the rules printed in previous issues of LADY PENELOPE. A full list of the rules can be obtained by sending a ready-stamped, self-addressed envelope to our address on page 2.

RALEIGH COMPETITION

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

..... AGE.....

There are.....bicycles in the picture.

If I found the rest of the Train Robbers' money, I would .....

.....

.....

.....

.....(limit 10 words)

POST TO: Lady Penelope, Raleigh Competition, 317 High Holborn, London, W.C.99.

BEWITCHED

WOW! ARE THEY FOR US, MR. JOHNSON?

THAT'S RIGHT, MRS. STEVENS.

THEY'RE ALL BILLS. I'D BETTER HIDE THEM FROM DARRIN – ESPECIALLY AFTER THE LECTURE ON ECONOMISING HE GAVE ME.

HOW I LOVE SATURDAY... WAS THAT THE MAILMAN, HONEY?

ER... YES, DARRIN. NOTHING FOR YOU, DARLING... JUST A FEW OLD, ER.. THINGS FOR ME...

JUST A FEW MORE BILLS, YOU MEAN...COME ON, SAM, LET ME SEE THEM...

HERE HE GOES AGAIN! SCROOGE!

THIS IS RIDICULOUS...FIVE DOLLARS FOR CHANGING A WASHER ON THAT TAP... WHAT DO THEY TAKE US FOR..?

IF YOU'D LET ME, I COULD SAVE THOSE KIND OF EXPENSES BY FIXING THINGS MYSELF.

DO I SMELL TROUBLE IN THE LOVE NEST?

YES...BY USING MAGIC. BUT YOU'RE LIVING IN A MORTAL WORLD, HONEY. THINGS HAVE TO BE DONE IN A MORTAL WAY!

FROM NOW ON, I'LL HANDLE REPAIRS MYSELF. I'LL GET THE SHOPPING AND PROVE IT CAN BE DONE CHEAPLY!

DON'T BE LONG THEN, HONEY... I WANT SOME THINGS FOR LUNCH.

IT LOOKS AS IF MY LITTLE GIRL NEEDS MOTHER'S HELP.

UNAWARE OF ENDORA'S ASSISTANCE, DARRIN FOLLOWS SAMANTHA'S SHOPPING LIST...

LET ME SEE... SOAP...

THESE LOOK INTERESTING...

SOAP 3 CENTS OFF

THAT WILL BE FORTY DOLLARS, SIR... AND FOR BEING AN EXTRA GOOD CUSTOMER YOU WIN ONE OF THESE SPLENDID HANDYMAN GUIDES!

I-I-I DO?

NOW TO ORGANISE A LITTLE BREAKDOWN FOR MR. DO-IT-YOURSELF.

DARRIN ARRIVES HOME...

DRAT THIS WASHING MACHINE! IT'S GONE WRONG. DARRIN, WHAT ON EARTH HAVE YOU GOT THERE?

WELL, ER... I THOUGHT IF WE BOUGHT A LOT AT ONCE IT WOULD WORK OUT...ER, CHEAPER.

YOU MUST HAVE SPENT A FORTUNE... ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN FIX THAT MACHINE? I COULD EASILY CALL MR. SHULTZ.

WITH THIS REPAIR MANUAL I CAN FIX ANYTHING.

LATER...

A LOOSE CONNECTION. TO THINK I'VE SAVED US AT LEAST FIVE DOLLARS. JUST SWITCH ON AND...

YEOOW! SPLUTTER!

I'D BETTER GET THIS MESS CLEARED UP BEFORE SAM COMES BACK.

ONE FOOT FORWARD ON THE SOAPY FLOOR, AND...

WHOOPS!

Titcombe

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, DARRIN? JUST LOOK AT THIS MESS. WELL, I'M GOING TO CLEAN IT UP MY WAY!

WITH A TWITCH OF HER NOSE, SAM PUTS THINGS RIGHT...

A WEEK LATER, AT LUNCH...

WHO IS THE MAIL FROM, HONEY?

NOT MAIL, DARRIN... BILLS! YOU SPENT THREE WEEKS' HOUSEKEEPING MONEY AT THE SUPERMARKET LAST WEEK!

AND I THOUGHT ALL MORTALS WERE CAREFUL WITH THEIR MONEY!

© 1966 by Screen Gems Inc.

THE FULL STORY . . . HOW THE MYSTERIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL MARINA MAY NEVER SPEAK AGAIN!

Marina
GIRL OF THE SEA

Poisoned by an undersea rock, Marina is close to death before Barinth, Aphony's first minister, manages to reach Coonadas with the antidote . . .

SEE... MARINA IS WELL AGAIN!

DEAR FATHER... THERE IS SO MUCH TO LIVE FOR. PACIFICA HAS TO BE REBUILT...

YOU ARE A TRUE FRIEND, BARINTH... HOW CAN I THANK YOU FOR SAVING MY DAUGHTER?

TO SERVE YOU, MIGHTY APHONY, IS THANKS ENOUGH!

IN TWO MARINE DAYS, MARINA HAS RECOVERED COMPLETELY. THEN EXCITING NEWS IS BROUGHT...

WE WERE HUNTING FOR KING CRABS... WE HAVE FOUND MANY PACIFICANS IN SOME CAVES!

MY PEOPLE! THEN TITAN'S ATTACK DID NOT DESTROY ALL OF MY RACE!

I MUST GO TO THEM... THEY WILL NEED A REAL HOME!

THE COONADANS WILL HELP. I WILL SEND MESSENGERS TO ALL PEACEFUL RACES... PACIFICA WILL BE REBUILT!

WITHIN THE MARINE HOUR, THEY LEAVE...

MARINA'S STRENGTH RAPIDLY RETURNS AT THE THOUGHT OF SEEING HER PEOPLE...

IT WILL BE AS BEFORE, FATHER... WE WILL BUILD A WONDERFUL CITY!

THEN, AS SHE TOPS AN UNDERWATER RISE...

FATHER... LOOK THERE... I HAVE NEVER SEEN A MORE BEAUTIFUL VALLEY. THIS IS WHERE PACIFICA MUST STAND!

APHONY IS LED TO THE CAVES...

WHAT IS WRONG, BARINTH? SURELY THEY CANNOT HAVE FORGOTTEN THEIR LEADER SO QUICKLY!